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# Imagination's Stream

BY TERRY W. YORK

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Do we think our minds can form  
a world you do not know?  
Is imagination's stream  
an unknown river's flow?  
God, you are the fountainhead,  
you bid us stoop and drink.  
We've just cupped our hands and dipped  
when we begin to think.

In our minds we walk with you  
through gardens yet unseen.  
Caves on unknown planets wait  
the light our thoughts will bring.  
In the pages of your Word  
we humbly place our feet,  
wond'ring what our words would be  
when face to face we meet.

Let our faith and thinking soar,  
alive with hope and prayer.  
Insights that the Spirit brings  
illumine life's despair.  
Deepest thoughts and highest hopes  
in story and in rhyme;  
inklings glimmer: heav'n on earth,  
eternity in time.

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G. DAVID BOLIN

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